

**What the Butler and the House-
maid Had to Say.**

CHAPTER IX.
What the French Maid Had to Tell.

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I know, from what Sergeant Crisp told me afterward, that already and from the first moment that he had seen that imprint of an evening shoe on the soft soil beneath the window of the Summer-house, he had begun to have a very terrible suspicion or doubt or inkling of a possibility in his mind; and it was a suspicion strongly confirmed by that identity of out-

Celeste I always regarded as being in some ways rather like my Aunt End—akin in nature, I mean. More unlike in face two women, both tolerably young and rather pretty, hardly could be, for Aunt

Possible solutions of the mystery were not wanting, but proof was lacking. The only person, as they agreed, against whom there was any evidence was the semi-gypsy, the Adonis and bad boy of the village, Jim Heasden, but even against him the evidence that he had actually been in the Summer-house itself was not quite clear, though apparently Crisp thought it sufficient for getting out a warrant for

"I never heard of any other."

He passed quickly on to other

I suppose that the detective's professional acuteness was shown just as much in the questions

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